

# ROMANCE MARKS THE LIVES OF MANY U. S. SENATORS

Few of the General Public Know of the Distinguished Service That Has Lifted Them Into August Governing Body—Real Thrillers Were the Everyday Work of Cameron of Arizona—Stanfield of Oregon Is a Business Giant and Sheep King

Do you know Bursum? Norbeck? Oddie? Cameron? The chances are that many, in the rush of things, have never heard of them. They are worth knowing. They happen to be, just now, United States Senators. The New York Herald believes its readers would like to become acquainted with them. What follows is the first of a few articles designed to serve this purpose.

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How well do we know our Senators? How many of them are shadows falling only occasionally upon the screen of public estimation? There are a few with whose personality we are moderately familiar—Lodge, Borah, Knute Nelson, Penrose, La Follette, Smoot, New, Underwood, Hitchcock—because of their long service, special opportunities in dramatic situations, or solid worth.

What of the others that have risen to place in the most powerful legislative body anywhere in the world, but have not yet come to national fame, lacking long service and that special opportunity which always magnetizes popular attention?

Even a quarter of a century ago, when the Senate was not much smaller in personnel than it is to-day, the names of most of the members were household words. Life did not move so swiftly in those days. The public interest was fastened upon our own domestic affairs—was less distracted by international dramatics. Certainly, personalities in the United States Senate were more clearly defined or more widely advertised, if you like.

Let us recall some of the great names of the Senate of 1896. Even after a generation you will see that this is true. There were John Morgan of Alabama, Henry M. Teller and Wolcott of Colorado, O. H. Platt, famous for the Platt amendment which fixed Cuba's rights and duties, of Connecticut; George Gray of Delaware and Gen. John B. Gordon of Georgia; Shelby M. Cullem, with his resemblance to Lincoln, of Illinois; Dan Voorhees, "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash"; William B. Allison of Iowa; the long bearded Peffer of Kansas; the inimitable J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky, of whom it was said "he could detect the taint in a barrel of Bourbon whiskey if somebody dropped a carpet tack in the barrel"; Hale of Maine, grandfather of the present Senator from the rockbound State.

## Many Other Notable Figures

### Also Prominent at That Time

That was a famous gathering. It included, too, Frye of Maine, Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland and George F. Hoar of Massachusetts. Lodge was there even then, as was Knute Nelson, one 46, the other 47; Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, Cockrell and Vest of Missouri, Stewart, silver pioneer of Nevada; Chandler and Gallinger of New Hampshire, David Bennett Hill of New York, Marion Butler of North Carolina, John Sherman and Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, Don Cameron and Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, Aldrich of Rhode Island, the fiery Ben Tillman of South Carolina, Roger Q. Mills of Texas, the venerable Morrill of Vermont, Daniel of Virginia and Elkins of West Virginia.

Almost every man in the long list was possessor of national fame. All of them were written about and talked about the country over. People knew what they had done—what qualities had lifted them to eminence.

Fifty years ago, and shortly after the civil war, widespread cognizance of the qualities of the Senators, appreciation of their merits or demerits, was even more definite than twenty-five years ago, though their fame and their deeds are known to most of us only in books and the documents of their time.

One need only to mention a few of the tall figures that have their monuments in American history: Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware, John A. Logan of Illinois, Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, Zach Chandler of Michigan, Carl Schurz of Missouri, Roscoe Conkling of New York, John Sherman of Ohio and Allen G. Thurman from the same State, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Brownlow, the famous old Abolitionist fighter of Tennessee; George F. Edmunds of Vermont—great names all.

These are retrospects of personalities in the United States Senate that any American can view with proper pride. But one wonders if the stuff that present day Senators are made of is any less fine and resolute. Is there not always a tendency to compare old times, bygone personalities with present times and familiar personalities to the plain disparagement of the latter?

## Senate Usually Surveyed

### As a Group, Not Individually

"I love everything that's old," said Oliver Goldsmith; "old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

Excellent and laudable sentiment, though difficult to realize in its entirety nowadays. Its only defect is that it tends to shadow and minimize the worth and excellence of new friends, new times, new manners that may be very worth while indeed.

The reflection certainly applies to many of the little known and newer Senators. Looking down upon them from the galleries you might not be specially impressed or even interested. They fit modestly and unobtrusively into the sober picture. The Senate has a way of standardizing its members so that, except for very exceptional individuals indeed, exceptionally physically for the most part, exceptional in the sense that Nature has paid particular attention to them, you consider them all of a piece.

You survey them as a large group of rather unindividual, indeterminate persons, clothed pretty much alike, wearing about the same facial expressions. Seeing nothing about them to flick the imagination, you transfer your gaze to the well advertised ones, hoping that they will perform for your benefit up to the advertisement.

But with all respect to the better advertised, you are making a mistake. There are Senators under your uninformed eye that are well worth study—if you are interested in red blooded Americans such as have followed a strong man's star through adversity to a place among the rulers of men.

They are middle aged or verging on elderly. A few are bald or are beginning to contemplate baldness with that resignation which kind Providence gives us to blunt the edge of woe. Some are grown soft with good living and the ease of the deceitful jail called civilization, showing equatorial prominences—paunches, to put it plain.

## Link Between Us and West.

### Outrivaling Screen in Drama

Yet those men are visible links between us and the old West, the hard toiling, hard fighting, tough and go, quick, on the trigger, adventurous old West we delight to read about in novels and magazines, the old West that has made millionaires out of street car drivers become motion picture directors.

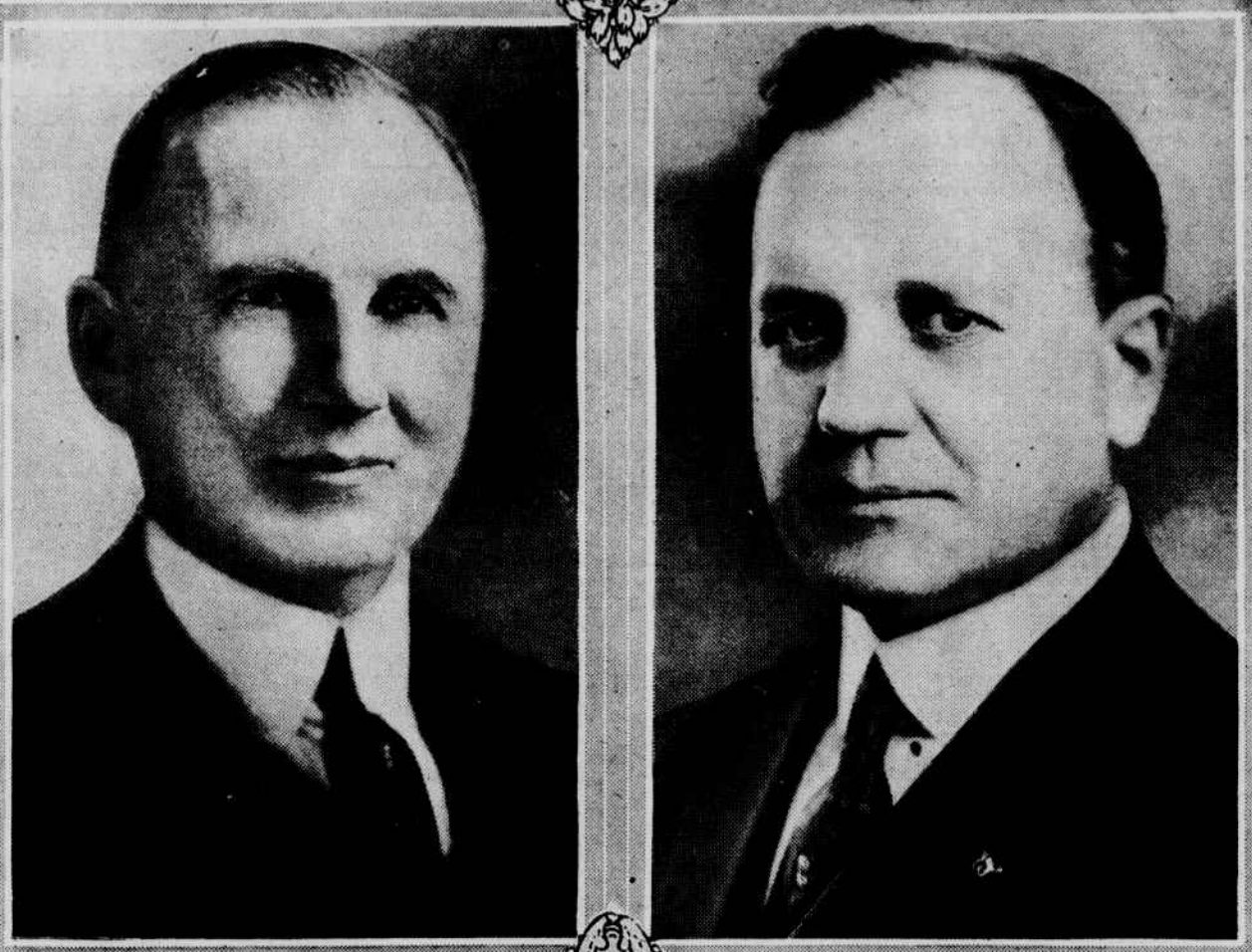
They themselves have known the thrill of life in the days when honest men shot first and argued afterward. They have worn the sheriff's star among stock rustlers and train bandits. They have punched cows, herded sheep, swung sledges over gold ledges.

## Movies?

My dear reader, Bill Hart's simulated exploits upon the silver screen are pale reflections of the life of the old West in comparison to the bread and bacon exploits of these Senators you survey with so little imagination. I do not say that it qualifies for the Senate to have worn a sheriff's star in a bad county, to have punched steers, or to have prospected for gold in the deserts; but one may fairly maintain that the alertness, resolution, common sense and indomitable spirit of these same men, leading as it did in most cases to large means and big business experience, and, therefore, to a pretty comprehensive knowledge of people and what is good for the generality of people, are as worthy of admiration as the accomplishments of the elder statesmen so revered in the days of our fathers and of our grandfathers.

When they were young they had need of the sky, they had business with the mountains. They sprang to adventure as

Senator Ralph Henry Cameron of Arizona and Senator Robert Nelson Stanfield of Oregon, men with notable careers little known to the general public.



a lover leaps to the arms of his mistress. They are the sort Hovey had in mind when he wrote:

"In all climes we pitch our tents,  
Chronies of the elements,  
With the secret lords of birth  
Intimate and free."

Permit me, therefore, for your better understanding, to introduce some of these "lesser known" Senators who carry under the boiled shirt bosoms of this tamer age the stirring thoughts of a brisk, rough youth.

To begin with, Ralph Henry Cameron, junior Senator from Arizona, Chief Little Man Not Afraid among his friends, the Wallapai Indians; Chief Little Bear among his equally good friends, the Navajos. Some fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, white men do not become Indian chiefs without having done something very square and helpful. Of that presently.

At fifty-eight Cameron is gray haired, steel-blue eyed, smooth faced, freckled and burned indelibly by thirty years of Arizona sun, compact and competent looking. Maine, nursery for resolute adventurers, produced him, but didn't hold him overlong. Deepsea fishing wasn't exciting enough, so he tried a Boston department store. That is not designed to be humorous. Young Cameron realized that he knew nothing. His way of beginning was to get into contact with people by working in a store and attending night school.

Then the urge caught his spirit and he bought a ticket for as far West as his money would take him. This happened to be Flagstaff, Arizona. He got a job in a general store which sold everything from hairpins to saddles, saved his money from Scotch thrift, bought the store and branched out into the big business of the new country, cattle, then sheep. He didn't get this far without displaying qualities that counted in Arizona in the early eighties. A time came when the bad me got so numerous that a Sheriff of the go-get'em breed was needed. The specifications were for nerve, and speed with a six gun, that and ability to stick on a bronco.

## Charms of America Draw

### By W. L. GEORGE.

THERE are journeys which fill one with anticipation of novelty, and there are journeys that warm one through the feeling that one will recover a certain homeliness. Now, with the prospect before me of reaching New York on December 28, by a curious coincidence exactly one year to the day after I left that city, I find myself the prey of confused emotions. Pleasure, complicated arrangements, the disposal once again of house, child, cat. It is very exciting, rather worrying; one feels that one's trunks will never be packed, that one's new clothes will not arrive (this latter being quite correct), but above all hangs the dominant feeling that in going to America one is not going abroad, that in a secondary sense one is going home.

The last words of my book, "Hall, Columbia" stated that if I could be born again I should be born an American. A year has not changed this feeling. For I find in America something natural, normal to my temperament. I don't quite know what it is. Perhaps it is the mechanical civilization, for I find real joy in seeing things done by machines, very fast and very well. Perhaps it is the bright air, the zest of movement, the crowd, the color, the stimulation which causes new cities to rush up like mushrooms. When I think of America I think of warm, pulsing life, life without doubts, life with enthusiasm, with faith, with ruthless energy. To me America is a sort of ganglion radiating life force.

With these emotions mix others which are gentler. I have of American men and women many memories, nearly all of which are pleasant. I never found an American to be rude to me; to get that I suppose I should have had to advertise; I suppose also that no one would have answered my advertisement except an American recently galvanized. I have made many friends in America, and I made them easily. One of the great American stores has as its motto: "With every customer we make a friend." Possibly, wherever the Stars and Stripes do blow a similar motto may prevail, modified to this extent: "Of every intruder we make a pal."

The American Gives Things  
And Doesn't Take 'Em Back  
The American does not realize that an unprejudiced Englishman is overwhelmed by his reception in the States. When a fine old Spanish gentleman, whose ring you admire, says, "It is yours," he doesn't mean it. If you put the ring on your finger he would be embarrassed and next day want it back.

## SENATE STATISTICS, PAST AND PRESENT

A SENATORIAL retrospect of curious interest. Average age, number of lawyers and lower house service of Senators of fifty years ago, twenty-five years ago and of the present. The average age has increased, but the percentage of lawyers and the percentage of Senators having had House of Representatives experience remains oddly fixed:

SENATE OF 1871.	
Average age.....	51
Lawyers.....	46
Percentage of lawyers.....	66
House experience.....	22
Percentage of such.....	31.5
SENATE OF 1896.	
Average age.....	57.5
Lawyers.....	61
Percentage of lawyers.....	68.5
House experience.....	30
Percentage of such.....	33.7
SENATE OF 1921.	
Average age.....	57.6
Lawyers.....	58
Percentage of lawyers.....	60.4
House experience.....	29
Percentage of such.....	30

In the Senate of 1871 there are seventy members listed; in the Senate of 1896, eighty-nine, and in the Senate of 1921, ninety-six.

You won't find mention of these violent days anywhere in the nine lines of print supposed to explain Cameron in the Congressional Directory. To get anything stirring out of the man is like trying to extract a cork without corkscrew or a pair of knife blades. On the hero business, Cameron is a claim. The facts are, just the same, that among many rough and ready exploits of the shrivelly of the times he brought in a train robber, a murderer and an all around bad man that had terrorized Coconino county.

The train bandit and his gang despoiled a mail car and tried to lose themselves in the puzzling arroyos or deep water-cut ditches that cut the wastes of sand, scrub and sage brush. Cameron, collecting a few deputies, tracked the gang, surprised the leader, got the drop on him and took him to jail at Prescott. The jail wasn't big enough to hold that evildoer. He broke out and Cameron took the trail once more after the same quarry.

Parker, the bandit, hid out in the foot-

hills for a month, stole a saddle horse and made a dash for the Nevada line. He was recognized as he skirted a Navajo village by an Indian boy who sent word to Cameron. The Sheriff tracked Parker to a river too deep to ford, outwitted him, dropped a gun on him, disarmed him and threw him like a sack of flour into a buckboard the Indians had brought up. The next important episode in the life of Parker was when he swung from the end of a rope by the law's decree.

A white man named Tom Brady had the bad luck to be wiped out by a Mexican, a bad specimen of the breed, who promptly took to the bush. Cameron went after him, alone; followed him for seven weeks over a trail which ran into New Mexico, lost his horse through lameness, continued the chase on foot and ran his man down in the night. To get the prisoner out of the State he had to stand off 200 Mexicans and later, back in Arizona, he had to threaten to drill half of Brady's friends, collected at the jail house to lynch the Mexican, be-

big. Chicago upset me with her fires, her belching smoke, her magnificent crowds, like the steam of humanity coming up from a brazier. I want to be upset again, as a shy girl shrinks from yet approaches a giant. I want Chicago to shake and exhaust me again.

Down my street in London an average of four automobiles pass every hour. On the Lake Shore I shall see fifty-seven passing in every minute. After Chicago I shall go to the sweet and scented South. It will be spring then, in time for the mocking bird. Perhaps again in the suburbs of Nashville I shall hear the throaty, melodious song that rises from dark throats, or in a little park in New Orleans watch the tortoises swim in tepid water.

I feel very sentimental; it is not like me at all; such reputation as I have is that of a cynic, to whom a primrose by the river's brim is a mere primrose. But when the primrose blooms on the bank of an American river, well, I can't help it . . . and there you are.

## Fifty Men and One Elephant

INTERESTING tests were once made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

fore he could get his prisoner behind the bars.

The punishment in this case was ninety-nine years, and it is not probable that the Mexican will be out to get revenge. Now all this, simply, soberly stated, sounds rather bald perhaps, yet you go to motion pictures for Western stories not half so vigorous, half so thrilling with resolute, courageous action.

The same qualities made him respected and admired by the Navajos. These restless red men had been causing much trouble by leaving their reservation and feeding their stock on land claimed by the resentful cattlemen. Cameron got permission from the nearest army post to act. He rode into the strip illegally occupied by the Indians and held a two day powwow. The Indians finally said that they had to go back and confer with their head chief before agreeing to give up the new grass range. They returned with the word that they would not abandon the range until spring.

Cameron replied that he would give them plenty of time to get ready, but that on the sixth sun they would have to move, pronto. The Navajos replied coldly that they would kill him if he lifted a hand. He left the range, not without the feeling that the Indians had some right in their case. With this feeling he secured for them the privilege of one-half of the Little Colorado River, with its golden water rights.

When he returned to the disputed range he found that the news of the concession had arrived before him, and that the Navajos were ready to jump at his look. Thereafter they were friends, and Cameron became an honorary chief of the tribe.

Cameron served three terms as Sheriff and was elected a delegate to Congress. He was elected to the Senate in the big sweep last year. These are mere statistics. It is more interesting to know that he located and had a large hand in building the Bright Angel Trail of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He was prospecting for gold deep down in that 1,100 foot gorge through which the Colorado roars between up and down walls, when he discovered a possible way to the top. He surveyed it as best he could and began first work.

It took fourteen years to finish the job, and tourists, holding their breath as they are guided along that wonderful pathway skirting a precipice, seldom miss the thrill of a great adventure. But it was Cameron's, first of all men, the achievement probably of which he is proudest.

## Stanfield of Oregon.

### Who Defeated Chamberlain

Robert Nelson Stanfield is the man who performed a political miracle. He beat George Agnew Chamberlain for a Senate seat from Oregon.

Chamberlain, a Democrat, was—is still, doubtless—the most popular man in the State. Republicans came to the polls on election day in droves to vote for him. Nevertheless, young Bob Stanfield beat him in the general avalanche which buried Democratic hopes last year. While it is fair enough to say that Stanfield rode in on top of the avalanche, it is patently certain that he had to show something to get where the avalanche could help.

Young as he is, and there are few younger men in the Senate—Pat Harrison of Mississippi at 40 being the youngest of all—he, too, has tasted the life of empire builders, and has known the fine joy of fighting for his rights and the decent settlement of a new country. His father was one of the California pioneers of '48, swept from Illinois by that wonderful trek, but in the early 50s the elder Stanfield moved to Oregon, a very young region then, and took up one of the first cattle ranches in eastern Oregon.

Young Bob learned ranching from the grass roots up and got his schooling in a country school house miles from the range. Those were heated times with their feuds between stock raisers and the oncoming shepherds, and Stanfield remembers vividly what it was like to guard the boundaries of his father's ranch, Winchester rifle over his arm, to keep back the advancing sheep herders.

There were hot disputes and a good many shots fired, but cattle couldn't stand against sheep. The Bitter Root Ranch of the Stanfields went the way of many another fine, free range as the cattlemen grudgingly admitted that the Umatilla country was more naturally doved for sheep than for stock. So in 1904 the youth who had fought sheep herders went himself into the sheep business and prospered mightily. By 1911 his flocks were grazing their swaths out of Oregon into Idaho, Montana and Colorado.

## Owens More Sheep Now Than Any One in World

Today Senator Stanfield owns more sheep, probably, than any man in America, if not in the world. The sign "Office of Robert Stanfield" is common in many parts of these sheep growing States. He supplies many of the lambs that go to feed the country. His transactions with banks last year aggregated \$15,000,000 in the carrying on of this business.

Every year he winters 800,000 sheep. Two years ago they were worth \$16 a head, but the price has fallen off disastrously. Stanfield got into politics only eight years ago, going to the State Legislature. He won the speakership and acquired a following. He is a likable man, affable, sympathetic, optimistic, a tireless worker.

Of many stories told about him, one especially likes a tale of how he climbed off his horse in the teeth of a blizzard to rescue an injured lamb and carry it ten miles to camp. In the Congressional Directory, however, he supplies just nine lines about himself.

Here are specimens of the "lesser known" Senators. The tale is by no means completed. Of the same vigorous breed are Bursum of New Mexico, Oddie of Nevada, Gooding of Idaho, Shortridge of California, Norbeck of South Dakota, Ladd of North Dakota—still others—of whom the tale will run next week.